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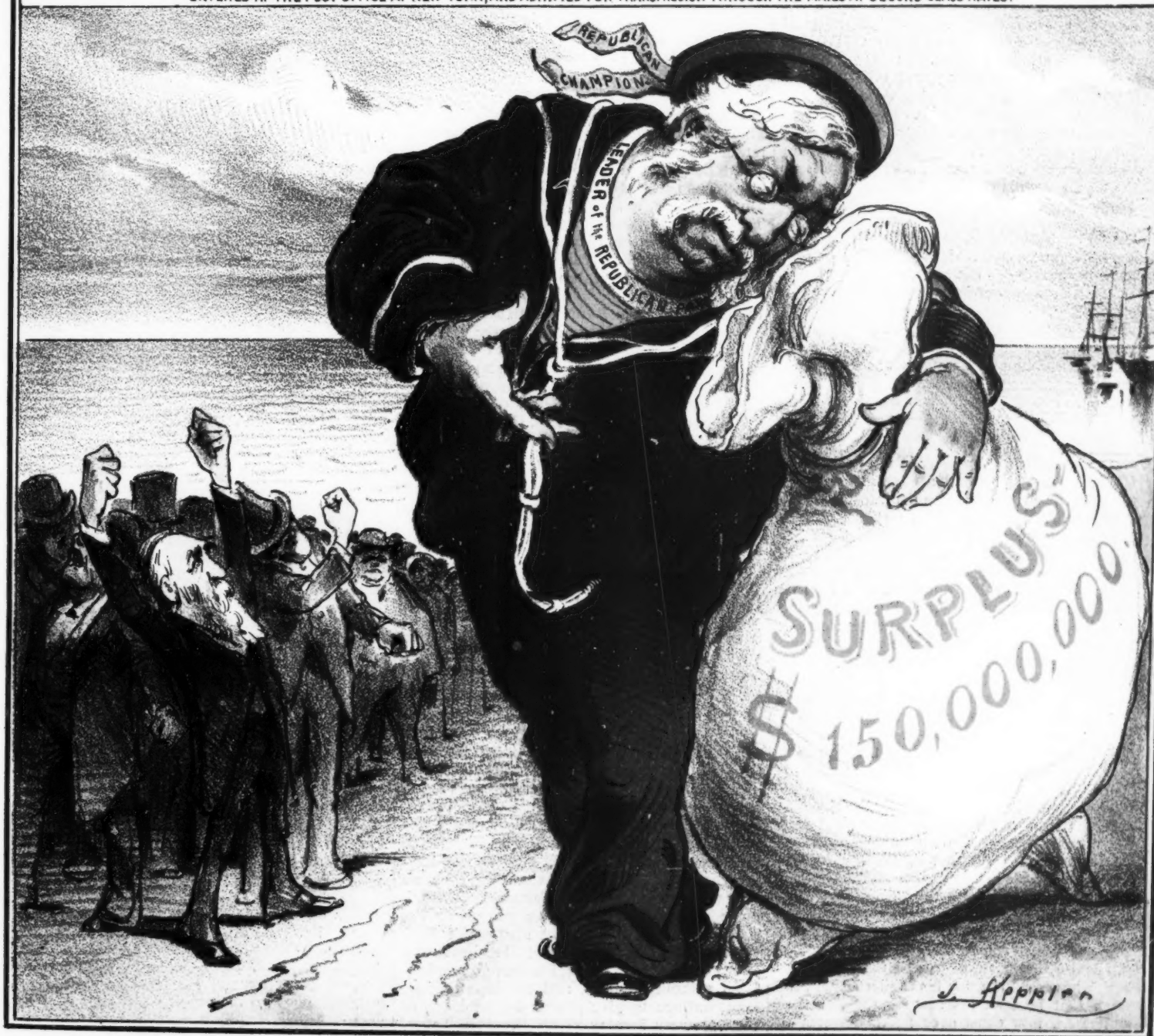


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"WITH THEE TO SUPPORT ME, I DEFY THE WHOLE WORLD!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The case of Barnett McGlenahan is brought to our notice by the Webster, Ill., *Argus*. It is so strange a tale of the brazen wrong-doing of one man and the shameful weakness and cowardice of many that it has more than a local interest. In 1878, Barnett McGlenahan was a poor young civil engineer in Chaunceyville, a part of the small city of Webster. In the Fall of that year he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, being, by a chance of the moment, the only man available who could represent the interests of the Chaunceyville property-holders.

The town of Webster depends for its water supply upon a small and old aqueduct, which, since the tapping of Lawson Creek, at Lawson, ten miles above, carries very little water, and in a heavy drought—a common thing in that treeless region—will carry absolutely none at all. The very life of the city hangs on the construction of a new water-course, fed from the large Bluewater Lakes in the high country to the north. This work was begun in June, 1878.

As the only civil engineer in the board, McGlenahan was appointed a committee of one to audit the accounts of the contractors and to superintend the work. The city had issued bonds for \$75,000 and had by increase of taxes raised \$7,550 more. In August, 1879, \$11,000 more was raised by bonding the town; this at the motion of McGlenahan, who by that time was President of the Board, the old President having died shortly after his election. In November, 1879, \$4,300 was called for and taken out of the year's collection of taxes. In February, 1880, an investigation of McGlenahan's accounts was made; but the committee—composed of the same men who had elected him President of the Board—reported that the accounts were correct and that the aqueduct was completed; and this quieted the people.

The connection of the new aqueduct with the city mains would have involved still more expense, so, as the floods of three successive springs, with much wet weather, have kept the old one full, this has not yet been done. Now a drought is threatened, and it is found out that the new aqueduct is so shabbily built that it will be knocked to pieces if the water is let into it. It has also been found out that McGlenahan, who could not pay his washerwoman, the week that he took his seat in the Board of Aldermen, now owns over \$50,000 worth of real estate. He has not earned one cent beside

his salary of \$1,200, during four years; nor has he inherited one cent.

Inquiry has shown McGlenahan's guilt to a moral certainty. He makes no defence, and to a personal accusation of theft "responded only by hearty laughter." Should the threatened drought come upon them, the people of Webster must suffer severely, and the city will probably be permanently ruined by the loss of its factories, for it will take two or three years to build a third aqueduct. McGlenahan's can never be made useful. And what has been done with McGlenahan? Hear the vengeance of a cheated, outraged, insulted people! The Board of Aldermen have voted for a new issue of bonds, to the amount of \$75,000, to repair the irreparable new aqueduct; McGlenahan having charge of the work. McGlenahan laughs. He has a majority of the Board of Aldermen under his thumb; he is the leader of the Republican party in his city; his social standing is not affected by the exposure, and when the Webster *Argus* calls him a thief, he responds "only by hearty laughter."

Mr. Barnett McGlenahan is now in Washington, passing a few days at the house of his friend, Mr. George M. Robeson.

We wonder what is the state of Mr. Jay Hubbell's feelings now? They must be in a rather depressed condition. Is it possible that Judge Benedict, of the United States Criminal Court, has had the hardihood to sentence Newton M. Curtis, a former special agent of the Treasury Department, to a fine of a thousand dollars, and to stand committed until the same is paid, simply for receiving political assessments from Custom House clerks in the campaign of 1881? It is horrible—most horrible. It is Civil Service Reform with a vengeance. "What," says Mr. Newton M. Curtis: "is the use of getting a man a government office if he won't give some of his salary to stay there?" Perhaps Judge Benedict's action may cause Mr. Jay Hubbell to write fewer offensive and silly letters to Mr. George W. Curtis, of *Harper's Weekly*.

Do not be afraid; he looks very terrible and makes a great noise, but he can not do you much harm. You may stay in the water and enjoy your bath to your heart's content. It's only Talmage, the great Tabernacle preacher from Brooklyn. He looks like a shark, but he is not. He resembles those large gongs that the advance guard of the Chinese army uses to scare the enemy. In Mr. Talmage amusement and instruction are combined. With all his acrobaticism, and his monstrous truisms and anathemas he is not nearly the worst of our "advertising ministers."

Yes, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Talmage is a necessity, and we should be sorry if anything that we may have written about him or any caricature that we may have made should induce him to retire from the ministry. It must not be. Mr. Talmage shall remain, and his voice shall ring and re-echo throughout the land until there shall be no man who has not heard of Talmage. Mr. Talmage is the first and only clergyman who has demonstrated that it is not always necessary to preach the gospel of gloom. He has shown that amusement and religion can go hand-in-hand without clashing, and we hope that he may continue to give practical exhibitions of the fact every Sunday in his Brooklyn Tabernacle for many years to come.

The men who have been instrumental in passing the River and Harbor Bill are all little Robesons, in their way. Not that any of them could hope to stand on such a pedestal of notoriety—but it is not making a rash assertion in stating that most of them would be willing to be Robesons if it were possible. They are not all fortunate enough or unscrupulous enough to own a Speaker; if they were, we should not have been surprised to find in the bill an item of several hundred millions for the improvement of the Atlantic Ocean.

There is some talk about the President vetoing the bill, but we scarcely think, whatever may be his opinion of the measure, that he will venture to do this. The amounts that have been appropriated for puddles, ditches, ponds and creeks are not for the improvement of the aforesaid puddles, ditches, ponds and creeks, but for distribution among local thieving contractors, corrupt and tricky wire-pullers, the constituents of the member of Congress who has disgraced himself, if that were possible, by urging the appropriation for his particular district. With a shameless robber as leader of the dominant political party in the House of Representatives, and a gang of Congressional sharpers who are trying their utmost to plunder the public treasury, we can have no reason to be proud of our national legislature.

With what unaffected glee each member who has succeeded in getting a slice of the money carries off the luscious portion! He has the feeling of having got the better of his neighbor, who, perhaps, was not smart enough to convince Congress, in swindle assembled, that it was necessary to deepen the creek in his back garden. And this is what people send you to Washington for, is it, Messrs. Congressmen? To lie and thieve for them, eh? No, they don't; the country is sound enough at heart, and most of the people are honest; but you would-be Congressmen are sharp and clever, pull wool over the eyes of citizens and make them believe they cannot do without you, when in truth it would be the best thing in the world for the country if three-fourths of the members now assembled to represent the people were dumped into the deep sea with the refuse gathered by the Street Cleaning Bureau, to make way for honest men.

THE SECOND EDITION OF PUCK ON WHEELS

IS NOW READY.

It contains all the available Summer Humor—and a great deal more—for the fiscal year ending 1882. But it has no articles on

THE BOMBARDMENT,

Because that little iron hail-storm had not taken place when the book was written, in consequence

OF

The delay on the part of Arabi Bey's troops in strengthening the fortifications of

ALEXANDRIA.

PUCK ON WHEELS is guaranteed as a Mascotte to everybody who buys it. Sample copies a quarter of a dollar.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

OUR SIXTY. AMERICAN MARINES IN EGYPT. THEIR UBIQUITY.

LATEST CABLE DISPATCHES FROM ALEXANDRIA.

From PUCK's Special Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, 19th July.—All is quiet in the city, except the crackling of a dozen or two incendiary fires and considerable plundering on the part of the Arabs. Admiral Seymour is doing nothing; he is afraid to move about, in case Arabi Bey should return with his troops and attack the city. In the face of this impending danger, the American Admiral Nicholson has landed his sixty marines and will endeavor to restore order and take care of the place.

ALEXANDRIA, 20th July, 5 A. M.—Six American marines have been told off to extinguish fires—a quarter of a marine at each fire—they are doing the work in fine style with two toy squirts.

6 A. M.—Twelve American marines are guarding all the consulate buildings with tremendous power, and will see that nothing is rebuilt while they are not looking.

7 A. M.—Four marines have been posted at the corners of the town—one at each corner—and are instructed to preserve order at all hazards.

8 A. M.—Two marines are rowing up and down the Mahmudia Canal to cut off Arabi's army in the event of his making an attack from that quarter.

9 A. M.—Two marines are guarding the palace of the Khedive. One of them is taking care of Admiral Seymour while he takes his afternoon nap, and protecting the English fleet. The other will engage Arabi's army when it appears.

10 A. M.—Two marines are nursing all the patients in the hospital.

11 A. M.—Four marines, in two couples, are acting as special policemen. They are patrolling the streets, helping ladies across the streets in "Broadway Squad" style, and flirting with the servant girls.

Noon.—One marine is protecting the park, and keeping out tramps and dogs.

1 P. M.—Two marines are swimming up and down the Suez Canal to prevent Arabi Bey from blowing it up with dynamite.

2 P. M.—One marine is preaching on Political Economy to attentive listeners.

3 P. M.—Four marines are busily engaged in administering justice and sentencing those who have been guilty of incendiarism, robbery and murder.

4 P. M.—Six marines are endeavoring to keep up the courage of the inhabitants who are hidden in cellars, by shouting "Hurrah!" at five-second intervals.

5 P. M.—The remaining fourteen are having a good time, occasionally lending the poor Arabs a hand in their work of plunder.

6 P. M.—Admiral Nicholson is obliged to holystone decks and polish the guns with his own hands, as his marines are ashore keeping order.

7 P. M.—Hunger reigns supreme; there is nothing more for the flames to feed on. Admiral Nicholson has sent a whole biscuit for the relief of the inhabitants.

8 P. M.—The town is deserted. All the inhabitants are dead. Only Admiral Nicholson's sixty men are alive; they had been trained by Dr. Tanner.

9 P. M.—Admiral Nicholson has concluded to take possession of Egypt and proclaim him-

self Khedive, and carry on the government with the assistance of the New York Herald.

10 P. M.—Admiral Nicholson now occupies the Khedive's palace. Admiral Seymour accepts the situation. The British fleet return to England.

In the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, Monsieur Blanquette de Veau made an interpellation requesting information as to the truth of the report that the United States forces, consisting of sixty marines, had occupied Egypt, to the exclusion of the British troops and armies and fleets of other powers, and that they read nothing but PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882.

M. de Freycinet said that the report was founded on fact—the American marines did read PUCK ON WHEELS. If Admiral Nicholson was bent on occupying Egypt with sixty marines, France had no objection, if England was also agreeable.

A FAILURE.



THE POSITION WAS GRACEFUL ENOUGH—



BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING WRONG
WITH THE CAMERA.

MURDERER'S MUSIC.

JUST AS WE were lamenting the scarcity of Guiteau literature, Mr. Helmick, music publisher, of Ohio, has swooped on us with a piece of music called the "Verdict March," composed by Eugene L. Blake. On the title-page are rough lithographic portraits of Mr. Corkhill, Mr. Porter, Judge Cox and of the twelve jurymen who convicted the assassin. Our verdict on the march, the publisher and the composer is: Guilty of bad taste and vulgarity in the double-first degree. We recommend Mr. Helmick to induce Mr. Blake to compose some new music to the late Mr. Guiteau's "I'm Going to the Lordy," or to write a "gallows break-down" hymn.

GUITEAU MADE a fatal error in not being a Star Route thief instead of an assassin.

Puckings.

THEY SAY the Blue Laws are a dead letter in Connecticut. Murder must be among them.

IF THE local Democracy don't unite this year they never will. A sheriff is to be chosen.

MR. TUG WILSON might make a good congressional orator, judging by his pertinacious affection for the floor.

MR. JOHN KELLY is at present busily engaged in figuring on Republican majorities and making arrangements to supply estimated deficiencies with surplus Tammany Democrats.

MRS. VICTORIA is going to keep her birthday on the actual anniversary in future. Poor woman—she is to be pitied; she cannot, as most ladies, say: "My age? Oh, yes! Ahem! Thirty last birthday."

THERE is a German baron who has eighty-four pairs of trousers. How mad he would be if he came home and found that his wife had given away to an image-man eighty-three pairs for a statuette of Cupid and Psyche and a bust of Judas Iscariot.

HAS BARNUM sent Jumbo back to Europe surreptitiously? We judge so, because a registered letter, with \$128 worth of postage-stamps on it, passed through the Philadelphia Post-office last week addressed to the Amsterdamsche Bank, Amsterdam, Holland.

THE Telegram SHRIEKS: "The lesson to be learned from this revelation of England's canal notions is that the United States, and the United States alone, can be depended on to guarantee to the world the neutrality of any canal constructed on American soil." We sha'n't hurt England much if we guarantee the Panama Canal with Mr. Robeson's navy.

THE RELATIONS between the Vatican and Bismarck have been ruptured, and Baron von Schloezer has returned to Berlin. Mr. Schloezer couldn't live in Rome without the regular New York nuisances, and, as Leo refused to allow a hand-organ to be played in front of Schloezer's residence, and the pavement and side-walk to be turned up for the laying-down of steam supply pipes, he quit.

THE DAILY PAPERS state that no Europeans remain in Cairo, excepting twenty Germans, who refuse to leave. There is good reason why the Germans shouldn't leave. Nineteen of them keep lager-beer saloons and have a monopoly of the business, and the twentieth is a college professor who is at present engaged in a discussion with a native Sheikh of advanced years Over the Hereness of the Oblique Through-putting-down against the Entschwimmlichkeit of the Cosmos.

FROM EGYPT comes the story that General Stone, the friend of the Khedive and likewise an imaginative American, bought a horse from a Bedouin and left Alexandria with no other company to seek the army of Arabi Bey. After riding for twelve hours General Stone returned to the American consulate and reported that Arabi and his army were nowhere to be found. This extraordinary achievement was at once flashed to every part of the world. It is quite evident from this that General Stone must have been at some precious stage of his career a member of a legislative investigating committee in the United States. He would be invaluable in Washington.

HIS MOTION WAS CARRIED.

I asked him whether he was a prominent member of the association.

"You just bet I am," he answered: "It's very little the Central Bicycle Union does without me. On every point of importance I am consulted. I just tell you I am boss of that shebang."

Convinced by declarations thus outspoken, I queried further about the purposes and achievements of the association, and inquired when the next meeting of its members would take place.

He answered that there would be a meeting of the Executive Committee in half an hour. There were members from each state in the Union, delegates from the territories and representatives from Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba and New Jersey.

"Be patient," he said, coaxingly: "and I'll take you in."

He was a bicyclist. I was not. I felt somehow as if his advantages for taking any one in were excellent.

After a little while I began to perceive men arriving on wheels: amateur sportsmen, enthusiasts of locomotion, enemies of pedestrianism and committeemen generally.

They saluted each other and spoke in a jargon decidedly unfamiliar. One said:

"Boston isn't inland. Oh, no! Not at all."

Another added: "The wheel goes to Chicago."

It was the thing to raise one's hat to the visitors. Many of these mounted tramps seemed to have come from a great distance. There was dust on their shoes.

My guide was pre-occupied. I asked him what was the matter.

"A motion I intend to make," said the wheelman.

"A motion for what?"

"For the Executive Committee."

"Will it be carried?"

"I just fancy so. Vote down a motion of mine! Oh, I guess not! Perhaps I have no influence with the wheelmen of America? Not at all. Oh, no! Well, you just wait till I make it."

Awed into admiration of the prowess and sagacity of my companion, I was silent. We entered together the rink where the meeting occurred. We saw the members take their places. We saw the president assume his seat of honor, with the secretary at his right hand. We heard the roll-call, and identified the treasurer as the man who sat in an isolated position. I watched my companion. His attitude was one of alertness and expectancy, but he said

nothing. He was evidently waiting for his opportunity.

To my unspeakable surprise, many amendments were made to the constitution and by-laws without a word being exchanged with my guide. He was, in fact, ignored by all present, except the teller, who asked, mechanically, for his vote from time to time, and recorded it in a weary and unresponsive sort of way.

Finally I said to him:

"How about the motion you were to make?"

"That is all right."

"Why don't you make it?"

"I am biding my time."

"Is it important?"

"Nothing near so important has yet been discussed."

"You haven't been consulted much here, it seems to me."

"I haven't spoken yet. Wait till they hear from me. Perhaps I'm not the boss—perhaps they would act without me—perhaps they would vote against me—think it? Not much. There's where you don't know."

The proceedings continued. They were at times animated, at times formal. But they always inspired great interest. My guide was mute and motionless. I did not understand it at all.

After about three hours and a-half of active conference and controversy respecting the interests of the wheel, there was a lull in the proceedings. Everything of moment seemed to have been settled. I looked anxiously toward my guide. He did not fail to perceive the gravity of the moment. Rising to his full height, he strode toward the chairman, remarking:

"Never mind your hats, gentlemen; I have an important motion to propose."

The Central Bicycle Union was all attention. My friend was about to redeem himself.

"The gentleman will state it," said the chairman.

"I move we adjourn!"

* * *

Before I had recovered my self-possession the motion was carried. In another minute we were standing on the sidewalk.

"What did I tell you, eh? Refuse to listen to me? I guess not. No Delaware delegate can over-awe me. He must get up earlier. When I propose anything in this here assemblage it is adopted. You can gamble on that."

I begin to understand now why it is that the voice of one man is potential in a bicycle union while the voice of another is not.

It is much the same in active life.

ERNEST HARVIER.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXIV.

A FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORT.



Ya-as, undah verwy stwong pweshah I was wecently induced to take a twip to a fashionable Summah wesort within the boundarwy of the aw State of New York. It was at some kind of spwings—Sharwon, I think. Oh, no,

now I wecollect, Wichfield Spwings. The place does not diffah verwy much fwom the averwage Amerwican waterwng-place. There is the same wambing, white-washed wooden barwacks, the same descwption of bed-wooms, the inwarwiable extensive and somewhat cheerless dwawing-woom, the lofty verwandahs, which I have weferwed to befaw. Then there is the same system with wegard to meals. Eating and dwinking in the large dining-woom is, apparwently, going on fwom the early morn until long aftah the cwepusculah shadows have fallen upon the surwounding scene. This wemark, by-the-way, stwikes me as being somewhat poetical. As Jack used to observe, the liberwality of supply and the varwieties of the dishes diffah according to the wates of pwices at the hotels. The generwul system and pwinciples on which they are conducted throughout the countwy are pwecisely the same. At Wichfield Spwings it is possible to imagine that you are at one of severul dozens of differwent Amerwican wesorts. You see a lot of marwied and single female cweachahs, generwally dwessed in white, pwomenading the verwandahs, and a few pwetentious young hobbledehoyes, wearwng tight twousahs and acting in a wathah caddish mannah, and occasionally twying to make themselves agweeable to the immachure gyurls. Of course there is a cwowd of nurses and childwen, who are kept in the backgwound. Then there is a spwinkling of gwey and bald-headed men, some of middle age, with their wives and families. These fellaws pass the gweatah part of the day in smoking ne-ah the bar-woom and talking politics. Marwriageable men undah the pwime of life are verwy ware, and those that make a pwactice of fwequenting such places, unless with some special object, are, I have often observed, somewhat deficient in aw bwain powah. Why should a sensible man fwittah away the whole of his time and agweeable weathah in talking nonsense to a parcel of young women whose acquaintance he has made in a Summah hotel? He had much bettah be widing, dwiving, fishing, yachting or camping-out. Surely he can get all the society he wequires durwng the Wintah. And yet in the hotel I have just descwibed were the verwy best specimenes of New York arwistocwacy.

It almost escaped my memorwy, but I wished to observe that there are some spwings in Wichfield, which aw give the place its name. The watahs of them, if I may be permitted to expwess an opinion, are uncommonly nasty, and I made a wy face when I tasted them.

No, the Amerwicans do not, as a wule, undahstand Summah life. They ought not to live as if they were horses sent out to gwass. They ought not to congwegate in these huge and uncomfortable hotels. It is quite possible to have cottage life, fwee fwom wacket, without having any of the cares of housekeeping—and it ought not to cost any more—instead of living as if one were in a wegment of twoops. This ide-ah is beginning to dawn on some thoughtfule people, I have weason to believe aw.

A WELL-MEANT WARNING, BUT—



HARDLY NECESSARY.

THE MILITIA-MAN'S SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.



GIVING ORDERS.

HOME AGAIN.



TAKING ORDERS.

MORE CHALLENGES.

When we started a challenge column last week, we had no idea that we should shake up the entire country into a sudden spasm of defiant pugnacity; but it seems that we have done so. Since last week this office has been fairly stormed with challenges. Most of these have come by mail, and our porter has been kept busy sweeping up the remains of the worn-out mail-carriers who have gone to pieces at our threshold. But a few of those desirous of asserting their superiority to others in their own line brought their challenges themselves, and when the Wild Men of Borneo and the Man-Accordion turned up, we had to put out a "No Admittance" sign and engage an extra office-boy to keep the Troy Terror out. Here are a few of the ripest and largest challenges:

I.

GREYSTONE, July 24th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I hereby challenge any candidate over seventy years of age, bar only Horatio Seymour, to run for President with me, Marquis of Gramercy Rules, best 8 electoral commission votes out of 15, each competitor to furnish his own "bar'l," and I to do the counting out, this time.

Yours with expressions of my heartfelt senility.
S-M- L J. T-LD-N.

II.

NEW YORK, July 24th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wish you to insert my challenge to the man who sent you a bogus challenge in my name last week, offering to knock out a parson by slugging him with soft answers. I am not in that line of business; but if I can find the man who wrote that challenge for me, I will give him \$500 if he will stand up between me and Tug Wilson when we have our little argument without kids.

Yours,
J-HN L. S-LL-V-N.

III.

WASHINGTON, July 23rd, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I will deposit \$5,000,000 in your hands, against a China Orange put up by Messrs. Hewitt and Whitthorne jointly, that I will let the best navy in the world stand up against me and I will knock it out in four appropriations.

Yours hilariously,

G- RG- M. [SECOR.] R-B-S-N.

IV.

NEW YORK, July 24th, 1882.

To the Heditor of PUCK—Sir:

I am hanxious for to meat a bloke by the name of Lindley Murray as says e can nock me hout a speaking of the Hinglish langwich. I will it is ed alfway to Alifax in won round so elp me.

Yours hever,

T-G W-LS-N.

V.

OFFICE OF THE SMITH MFG. CO.,
SMITHVILLE, July 24th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You will oblige me by publishing my challenge, as follows: I will meet any John Smith in the world, bar Smyths, and contest with him my right and title to the name,

1st.—in point of Smithness.

2nd.—in point of Johnnity.

Any man who can prove that he is John Smither than I am is fairly entitled to the belt.

Yours originally and only,

JOHN SMITH.

VI.

HARLEM, July 24th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Noticing that you have opened a department of challenges in your brilliant paper, I seize the occasion to renew my long-standing challenge to all professional poets in this country or England, to poet with me for a belt and the gate-money, Tom Hood's rules.

Yours and the Muse's,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

Major Amos Swillgoozle, 13th Cavalry, has six months leave of absence with permission to cross the ocean. As this officer is half-seas over most of his time, the Department considers he may go the rest of the way without manifest detriment to the service.

First-Lieutenant Ponton, Corps of Engineers, is ordered to proceed from Fort Vancouver to Barrancas Barracks, Florida, to inspect and report on the condition of the Cook's quarters.

Captain Horatio Gunlimber, 7th Artillery, First-Lieutenant Shrapnel, Ordnance Corps, and First-Lieutenant Ricochet, 6th Artillery, are ordered to Fortress Monroe, Va., to superintend the removal of a gun vent. Having done which they will return to their present stations.

Captain Severus Sourmash, Battery P, 14th Artillery, having been found guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," in attempting to ride an unwilling mule into the Chaplain's quarters during prayer-meeting, has his sentence remitted and is cautioned not to do so any more.

Lieutenant Sculper, 11th Cavalry, has reported at camp. He and his command, consisting of fifteen non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, were surrounded by Hole-in-his-Shirt and a medicine man. He finally succeeded in escaping, although unable to bring off the horses. A large force has been sent in pursuit of these insolent hostiles.

Chaplains Psalter, Surplice, Ranter and Underwater are ordered to report to the eminent Christian soldier in command at West Point, N. Y., to aid him in organizing a camp-meeting of the cadets during the usual Summer exercises at that post. The Post-Quartermaster will order a full supply of hymn-books for the occasion.

A Board to consist of Captain Estheticus, First-Lieutenant Horizon and Second-Lieutenant Stipple, of the Topographical Corps, is ordered to meet at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, D. C., to sit on the bust of Surgeon-General Barnes and other works of art, including the artistic railing inclosing the grounds. They will sit there till the approach of frost.

THE EGYPTIAN UNPLEASANTNESS.

Echos of the Bombardment.

RELIABLE NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

[By our own Special Cable.]

ALEXANDRIA, July 24th, 1882.

A tragedy is having a very successful run on the stage of the European Concert, and the audience is largely made up of deadheads.

"Evacuation day has come"—and gone. Arabi Pasha didn't stand upon the order of evacuating, but evacked at once.

Admiral Seymour wanted his troops to work a few hours over-time and finish up the war in two days. This they objected to, at the present wages, and threatened to join the freight-handlers' strike if the order was enforced.

General Wallace, the American Minister, has again been summoned to the palace of the Sultan. The General took sugar in his'n—as usual.

A rumor is current here that Dervisch Pasha has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of the English forces on the charge of malicious mischief, in having bombarded the city. Very little importance is attached to it, however.

A dispatch to the *Oshkosh Banner* from Washington states that all is quiet along the Potomac; but another serious outbreak is imminent in Congress.

Two men, named Rahgbabei and Arrahn-pogh, have been arrested in the vicinity of the Ras-El-Tin Palace on suspicion of being the Phoenix Park murderers. Blood was found on a dog in possession of one of the men.

The report that O'Donovan Rossa has arrived here with his hat full of dynamite bombs, for the purpose of blowing up the British war-vessels, is believed to be a feeble invention of the enemy.

The Porte has expressed its opinion that Don Cameron's influence in Pennsylvania is squelched, and that the Independent movement will die out before it reaches Egypt.

Count de Lesseps deprecates any attempt to blow up the Suez Canal. The threat to drill a hole in the bottom of it, and let the water run into China, does not disquiet him.

Raghet Pasha is greatly alarmed over an editorial in the *New Jersey Bugle*, declaring that England is terribly in earnest, and that the price of beef will be still higher in the Fall.

The two men arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke have been discharged. The dog belonged to another man. The detectives have discovered sixteen more important clues, and other arrests and discharges will speedily follow.

An American war-vessel has arrived in the harbor, and the panic-stricken inhabitants are fleeing in all directions. The safe arrival of the vessel is attributed to an accident.

A dispatch from Boston to the *London Times* says that a rumor is current that General Butler will not be a candidate for Governor

of Massachusetts at the next election. It is discredited, however.

The *status quo* is not quite so *status* as formerly. It is also a little less *quo*.

Before leaving Alexandria Arabi Pasha manifested his disgust at things in such vigorous and abusive language, that it was deemed prudent to clear the galleries of the ladies and suppress his remarks in the *Congressional Record*.

The object of Minister Wallace's numerous visits to the palace of the Sultan has just transpired. A scheme is being discussed in Cabinet Council to invite Congressman Robinson to come to Egypt and twist the British lion's tail with robust twistness.

The report that an American war-vessel had entered the harbor and appalled the Egyptians was an error. It was an English man-of-war. The American vessel collided with a buoy and sank in ten minutes. Her crew was saved.

[If you have a cut of Guiteau's brain lying around loose in the office, you might insert it here as an Egyptian war-map. It would give a much clearer and more comprehensive idea of the "situation" than the average newspaper war-map.]

A dispatch from Constantinople states that the recent disgraceful scenes in the American Congress have occasioned much unfavorable comment among the better class of people there.

The International Peace Association is greatly discouraged. A few days before the culmination of the crisis the Association addressed notes to the Great Powers, expressing the hope that, in case of a war, the belligerents would shoot at each other with blank cartridges only, and thus avoid cruel bloodshed and its attendant horrors.

It is predicted that, before hostilities cease, the Stalwarts and Half-Breeds will consolidate their forces, and the hero of Gramercy Park will be defeated as usual.

The *London Times*, in a significant editorial, two columns in length, and containing only one paragraph, openly insinuates that the war will not end as long as the fighting continues. This opinion is becoming quite general.

The weather is very warm; but Vennor has promised frost on the 27th.

WE PLEASE MR. NICHOLS.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-MONOPOLY LEAGUE.

Headquarters: 7 Warren St.

NEW YORK, July 17th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

The inclosed is a proof of an editorial which appeared in the last issue of the *Husbandman*, published at Elmira, N. Y., and edited by Hon. W. A. Armstrong, Master of the State Grange. It expresses the sentiment in the state on the topic of which it treats, as disclosed by extensive correspondence, reaching into every Assembly District. It fairly expresses the views of the League on the matter. We would be pleased to have you notice it in PUCK in such a manner as you may think it deserves.

Yours truly,

HENRY NICHOLS, Secretary.

The circular inclosed is too long to reprint. It opens by stating that the Republican party is the party of rich men, which is an error to begin with. It is the party of poor government clerks. Then the circular goes on to say that Mr. Tilden is an old monopolist, who ought to have been a Republican, if he isn't. Then it offers to name a good candidate for Governor of the State of New York, to run at the next election on an Anti-Monopoly ticket, and closes:

"Colonel F. A. Conkling, Mr. Kinsella, ex-Comptroller Olcott, or Honorable Amasa J. Parker, can either of them be the next Governor. * * * * * Either of them would inspire the people with an enthusiasm which secures success. We are not in its secrets, but we believe that such a candidate would receive the support of Tammany Hall—the cordial advocacy of John Kelly—the unanimous endorsement of the Tammany Executive Committee."

There you are right, Mr. Nichols. We are not in the secrets of Tammany Hall, either; but we have about a half-a-ton of our surplus wealth which we are willing to wager that you are right there. Either one of those gentlemen would receive the support of Tammany and the cordial advocacy of John Kelly—just enough support and cordial advocacy, anyway, to pay for printing his circulars.

But this proof-sheet business is all a mistake.

It is too early to begin bulling the market. If you inflate cheap candidates at this period of the game, they will be likely to collapse on your hands before the Tammany Anti-Monopolist can take advantage of the little drop in the market which generally comes a week or so before election and breaks up the chances of those candidates who secure the "cordial advocacy of John Kelly."

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, an exchange tells us, regards as the happiest portion of her life the time she spent, soon after her marriage, in a lonely log-cabin in the forest-wilds of Wisconsin, where wolves often howled about the door. It was the happiest portion for the public.

WHY IS IT that a man who claims to be a philosopher will insure his fire-proof building?

A SURE THING.



PROSTRATE EGYPT.—WHICHEVER WAY THIS THING ENDS—I AM SURE TO BE CRUSHED!

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Go and get her Arabi Bey's autograph.
H. C. F.—You ask: "Can you use the following rondeau?"

RONDEAU.

To have my picture taken swift I hied
To a photographer's, who deftly tried
Positions numerous, and to a jot
Adjusted every hair, nor yet forgot
To call me beautiful—or as much implied.
I dreamed that by much photo'd Rignold's side
Poor envious Lester Wallack sadly cried,
And e'en Apollo, jealous, asked me not
To have my picture taken.
But, when the proofs came home, I was beside
Myself to see how that dashed artist lied:
They were not beautiful, and then a lot
Of folks said "ugly," and—I don't know what.
So now, alas, I wish I'd never tried
To have my picture taken.

No; we can't use it. Because why? It isn't a rondeau.

L. M. P.—If you think you are the only man in this country who is desirous of attaching himself to our staff, you are away off on the sinister flank of the situation. Perhaps you imagine, too, that you are the only man who is ready at short notice to supply us with a batch of spicy, original bits of humor once a week and what do we pay for contributions and you would prefer a regular salary and we will wager the red, red gold you would and will we please answer you on the enclosed postal card and what became of the stamps you put in your last letter and why didn't we return the manuscript you sent us last Summer and you have been looking for it in every number and it doesn't appear to have appeared and will we tell you of any other opening for a young man of marked ability who has had some journalistic experience as occasional contributor to the funny column of the *Gumtown Gunwad*? Oh, there are lots of you; our horizon reeks with you; and all we can do with you is to answer your last question. There is an opening for you; but you will have to make it for yourself, and you had better make it in about ten feet of water, brogans to the zenith.

NIC TWAR.—Your case seems a hard one; but perhaps you have not stated it honestly. You say:

Is it fair, when you glance at a maid—
In that glance wasting half of your soul,
To be told by the charming young maid:
"Cela fait un effet si drôle?"

No; but we don't believe she said that, or "E Pluribus Unum," either.

Is it fair, when you press a soft hand
Till your warm blood in torrents doth roll,
To be told by the owner in fee:
"Cela fait un effet si drôle?"

Of course not; but she didn't say it, unless she thought it was French for "Ouch!"

Is it fair, when you kiss ruby lips
Till your heart-throbs you cannot control,
To hear then those same lips repeat:
"Cela fait un effet si drôle?"

Perhaps not; but you could not expect anything better if you would go kissing a gilt-edged Ollendorff girl like that. The next time you had better go in for one of the plain-style old-fashioned American don't-George's, and then you won't come complaining around this office in verses with one rhyme to the quatrain.

AMUSEMENTS.

Tug Wilson would have been easily "knocked out" by Sullivan if a regular perusal of PUCK ON WHEELS had not formed part of Tug's training.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL AND SUMMER GARDEN now has among its regular attractions the Rainer Family of Tyrolean Warblers and the three St. Felix Sisters. Mr. Fred. W. Zaulig is the musical director.

"Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, and PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882, may be looked upon as the chief attractions at this season of year. The first may make you cry, the second is certain to make you laugh.

"Patience," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, has a long lease of life, and is nightly instructing, in æstheticism, visitors to Yarrk from the East, West, North and South. Mr. John Howson, Mr. Digby Bell, Miss Lilly Post and Miss Laura Joyce are in the cast.

SIBERIA.—A province of Russia in Asia, noted for exiles and Nihilists. Exports: sand, salt, petroleum, cider and minerals. Capital, Irkutsk; population 3,500. Also a play written by Bartley Campbell for the Kiralfy Brothers, and to be produced in New York shortly.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.

A Wolf seeing a Goat on some high rocks where he could not come at her, besought her to come down lower, with many flattering promises of peace and harmony: "And, moreover," said he: "the grass is far sweeter and more abundant here below." But the Goat replied: "Excuse me; it is not for my dinner that you invite me, but for your own!" —Æsop.



NOT THAT KIND OF GOAT!

Another dancer has bounded on the stage of the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, at 41st Street and Broadway. It is the well-known Bonfanti, who, with Mlle. Lepri, appears to great advantage in the ballet of "Sylvia." The "Doctor of Alcantara" is still running, and the supply of wine, beer and edible refreshments is excellent in quality.

Speculation in Gus Williams's stock, at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, is strong, the market showing an inward tendency. The "bears" having suffered from the "corner," the "bulls" are holding on for the rise which now seems to be inevitable. No weakness is discoverable in the bidding, which is brisk, steady and in large amounts. Constant realizations on the part of the public have not lessened the demand for *Mishler preferred*. The last weekly report shows the gross earnings to have been \$4,500, the operating expenses \$2,000 and the net earnings \$2,500; \$500 of this goes to fixed advertising charges, and the balance has been applied to the customary dividend—payable to the box-office. There is active bidding for Williams in the Chicago exchange, preparatory to the offering of some *Mishler preferred* at the Academy of Music on August 28th.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the Philadelphia publishers, have launched another volume on this wicked world. "A Woman's Perils; or, Driven from Home," is by Mrs. James C. Cook, of Columbus, Georgia. We have not read it carefully, but we have no doubt it is a queer book, judging from the stilted English and the stupid and unnatural situations.

"Socialism and Christianity" is the title of a pamphlet written, printed and published by Henry Cherouny, Vandewater Street, New York. It treats of "sober thoughts for all who are concerned in the welfare of our industry." It also recommends us "safely to steer our Ship of State over the rapids betwixt the Scylla of an Ochlocracy and the Charybdis of an Imperatordom," which advice is a little too transcendental and unpractical for us.

GRATIE PLENA.

"SCRAWLED AFTER THE BLIND EVENSONG."

Here in this clattering Clinton Place,
Where Arnold, and before, O'Brien
Held for some merry years a pace
That bards can't keep, but bards will try on—
I hear (it drowns the clamor of
The children in the court adjacent,
The crier of the court above
Dispense inharmonies complacent.
Oh, bells of Grace! Oh, bells of Grace!
What trope shall fit your chimes resounding
Of romping feet o'erhead that race,
Of infant imps piano-pounding?
How are the holy psalmists slain,
From Sullivan to St. Gregorius!
You jig it through each Lenten strain,
And dirges make of anthems glorious.
I used to love the churchly tunes,
I used to have some memories holy
Of childhood's sleepy Sunday noons,
A still, old church, a choir that slowly
Took up—the benediction ceased,
(Ah! ceased for some forever it is,
And bowed the people and the priest
In prayer—their solemn Nunc Dimittis.
When such profanes your barbarous clang
I rage, I swear, I steam, I stifle*—
I rush for beer and the "Orang,"
Or something stronger, and Waldteufel.
Oh, bells of Grace! you've been as yet
Too trustful in your power to mangle;
I knew the corpse of "Olivette"
That from your towers did writhing dangle.
Oh, bells of Grace! Oh, bells becurst,
Could I but fix—with cunning Yankee—
Your fate, 'twould be damnation's worst!
You'd play for aye the hymns of Sankey.

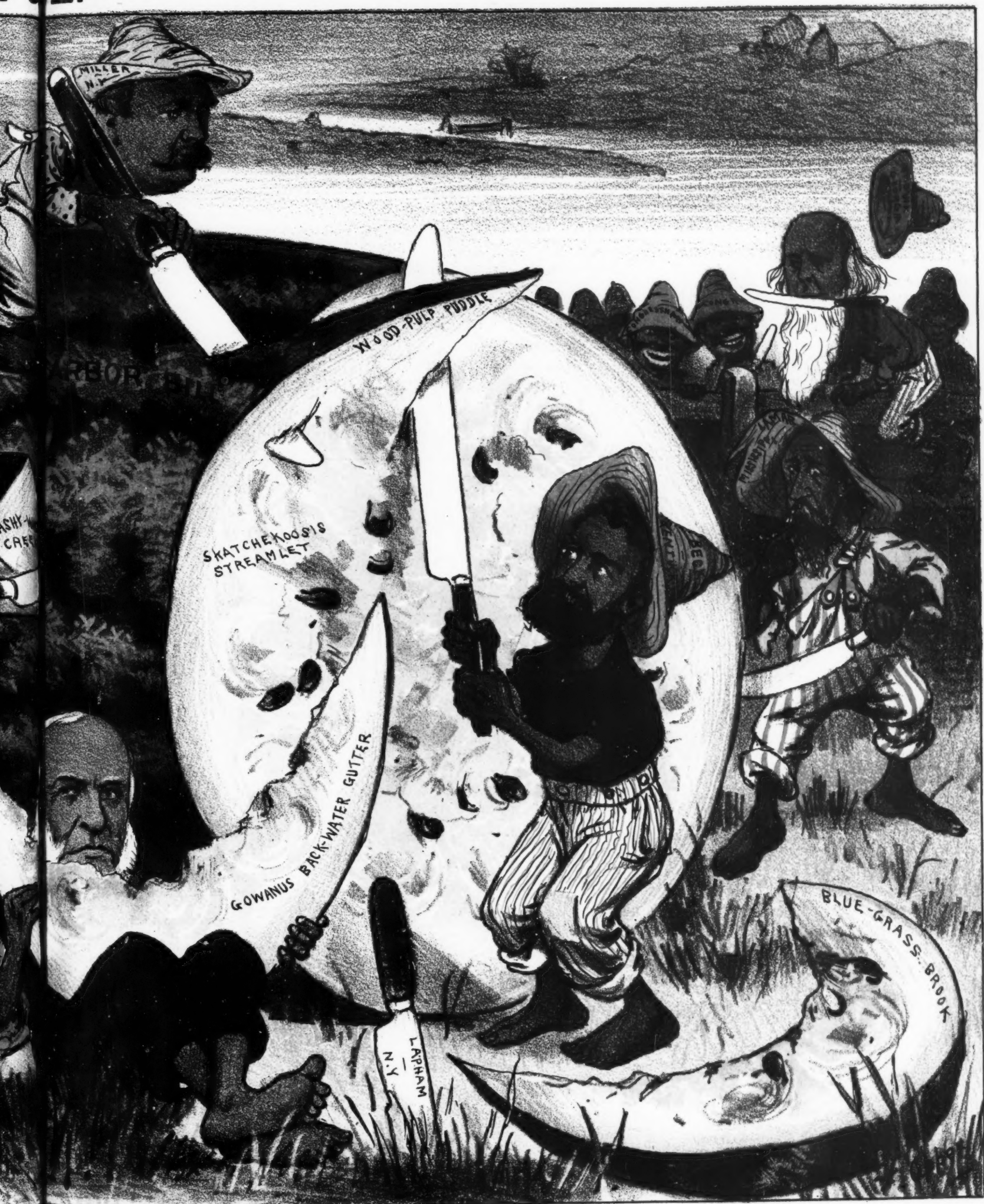
A. E. WATROUS.

* Or stifle, Hilernice.



A FREE FEAST FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL COOR

P. K.



COLORED BOYS—THEY ARE ALL AFTER A SLICE.

SEA-SIDE MEDLEY.

LONG BRANCH, July 18th, 1882.

"How much to get this trunk down to the Branch?"

"Sixty-five cents," replied the baggage-smasher, a thin red-haired man with one ear, and an opulence of freckles that made him look like a coach-dog.

"If you take trunks as cheap as that, you can't make much money—unless you are employed by a trunk house to disable trunks and make business lively."

"I am only a baggage-master during the Summer to make my expenses," he said, as he laid a trunk down as gently as though it had been an indisposed infant: "In the Winter I paint portraits; but, you know, in hot weather people go out of town, and I don't get orders."

"Then you will deliver that trunk whole for sixty-five cents?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all right; now where's the bar-room?"

"Over there!"

Moving in the opposite direction the bar was soon reached, owing to the tossing of the boat.

"What's the best thing to keep off sea-sickness?"

"Lemonade with a whiskey stick."

"Erect one."

It was soon erected, with 1882 over the front door and a lot of pine-apples, raspberries and other vegetables dancing gaily on the surface. It was very cold, for these people are not at all mean with their ice. When they start in to make a lemonade, it looks as though they are preparing to lay a dead man on ice for a three-day keep in August.

"Any one could tell this to be lemonade by the taste."

"How would you, then, know it to contain a whiskey stick?" inquired the bar-tender, as he tightened his white cravat and felt his diamond pin to see if it was there.

"By the check—"

"That's good whiskey," broke in the bar-tender: "we make it ourselves out of pure corn at our distillery in Harlem. Some years ago we consigned in one order a thousand barrels to Michigan—"

"Was that the origin of the Michigan sufferers?"

??? !—!—!—???—!!!!!!.

The other night, at the West End, a man went up to a news-stand and purchased a magazine. Inside of two seconds he was lying on the floor in a fit, rolling all around in the wildest manner, while his mouth emitted a sort of private surf. It was believed by all persons present that he had attempted, in an unguarded moment of hilarity, consequent to being care-free and away from his business and wife, to read some of the poems. But this proved to be a mistake, for when he recovered consciousness, but failed to recover his watch, which had been mislaid in the mêlée, he stated that his prostration was all owing to the fact that he had been charged for the magazine only the price which it costs in any obscure store in New York, and the shock was too great and sudden.

But if magazines may be had here at the regular city prices, other things can not, es-

pecially food. When you go into a hotel they take your name, address and order, and while the cook is getting your meal ready the clerk is going to a mercantile agency to see if you are able to pay for it. And perhaps this air doesn't make you hungry! The other day a goat with bronzed horns was left standing alone while the child got out of the wagon to dig in the sand. That child walked home that night, and dragged the wagon, too. The goat had eaten the harness right off himself.

"How is it they never lock the front doors of the cottages down here at night?" inquired one guest of another on the Bluff last evening.

"Because the people come in at all hours."

"Are they not afraid of burglars?"

"Not at all; the burglars never trouble them."

"Then there are burglars down here?"

"The place is full of them."

"And still the front doors are left open all night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And these burglars never come in?"

"Never."

"Why don't they?"

"Because they are probably afraid of being shot at, captured or prosecuted."

"Then how do they thrive?"

"As follows: They sell hard clams at fifty cents per dozen, two-cent newspapers at ten cents apiece, and drive people fifty yards in a stage for ten cents, and keep the change for themselves. Thus do they make about as much as modern bank-presidents and legislators, without being disgraced or capturing any odium or abuse outside of the incidental profanity heaped upon them by men who are not accompanied by ladies."

When I was at Asbury Park, I didn't see many of the good people, and, as the open sanctuary in the next lot was entirely empty, I thought perhaps they might be down at the races. It has a regular old Boaz flavor, has that place; but all the Ruths are society belles, and all the reapers are driving hacks. The Asburyparkers have a unique work of art in a facsimile of the modern Jerusalem. Having been in Jerusalem myself, I can testify to the fidelity of the hand that produced this marvel in miniature. All the hills and valleys and streams and fanes and temples appear in an enclosure about the size of a circus-ring. You can see the fields where the Jerusalem Sunday-schools hold their picnics; you can see the rivers where young Jerusalemmers go swimming so early in the morning that they are not

amenable to the law; you can see the old crumbling temples with massive domes and huge columns—temples that look like city-halls and court-houses, but out of which no contractors ever got a million dollars for a thousand dollars worth of work.

Yes, you can look down the quaint old crooked streets, where sore-eyed pilgrims are supposed to sit and fan off the flies with their tunics, and kick the pensive camel in the ribs till his bells tinkle; there you can fancy them sitting sadly on the hot sand, in their huge turbans and the sandals which make chiropodists in Jerusalem an impossibility. The picture is all so vivid that it isn't necessary to purchase a photograph of the lone orphan who sits hard by, like *Patience* on a monument, smiling at *Bunthorne*. But, standing there as I did, looking at this mimic city, all the old Sunday-school suffering I ever went through came back to me in an instant.

I just thought how I longed to go and lie around the wood, and catch sunfish one fine Sunday in July, 1864, when I couldn't say more than a stickful of the catechism to save my life; I thought how often I had learned collects while my mind was on base-ball; and how I learned the verses that would come to me by virtue of my position in the class, and how ill I was when the teacher stepped around. And while all these tough memories floated through my mindlet, up from one of the dirty, crooked streets seemed to float in familiar accents:

"So hellep me Moses, kracious, Isaac and Solomon, you can't buy dot coat a cent sheaper. It's worth eleven tollar and a-halef; und it fits you like de baper on de valls!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

INDIA SHAWLS for watering-places are very fashionable.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

If Her Majesty Mrs. Victoria ships any of her stock here on the strength of this information, we shall claim our commission.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.



IF YOU WISH THE LADIES TO ADMIRE YOUR FINE FIGURE—



YOU HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL NOT TO STAND TOO NEAR ONE OF THOSE QUICKSILVER BALLS, SO COMMON ON OUR LAWNS.

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.—BY ARTHUR LOT.

CANTO SECOND.

A DAISY.¹

Argument.—Now the tale brings in the maid in her silks and lace arrayed,² and describes her pretty face and her ways so full of grace,³ and her papa's orders grim, also what she said to him when he told her she must wed, also what her papa said. Likewise here will be portrayed the surroundings of the maid: how she came so sweet to be,⁴ how she sported merrily where she pleased, and how, and when with the hearts and love of men.

And, perhaps, if not absurd,⁵ here and there you'll find a word gently hinting at the ways women act in modern days, when they are a little rash and some fellow tries to mash.⁶

And, besides, you'll find set down some queer things that hap in town, when the wealthy scarcely know where to look or where to go, seeking a sensation new or some curious thing to view;⁷ for it haps, some folks say there, that quite many maidens fair, if they should but chance to be hipped quite often with ennui,⁸ sometimes, as will here be told, do things that are rather bold, sometimes flirt with unknown chaps, which may lead to strange mishaps.

It is a Manhattan Isle maiden most wondrously builded,⁹

Not by kind Nature, but by the hand of many an *artiste*

Into a being that seems a beauty to all of mankind,

Into a vision of loveliness for the dreams of mankind.¹⁰

Many an *artiste* strove to alter the beauties which Nature

¹ This word is used here metaphorically. Any of the young fellows who travel on Broadway or Sixth Avenue at six P. M., trying to win smiles from the homeward-bound shop-girls, can give you a good definition of the word.—Author.

² The reader must not jump to the conclusion that she is wealthy. We have seen many Grand Street belles rigged out in silks and laces—such as they were.—Editor.

³ The usual authorial taffy we opine.—Editor.

⁴ Why, everybody knows that girls are made of "sugar and spice, and all things nice." Why shouldn't they be sweet? We'd be sweet ourselves under such circumstances.—Editor.

⁵ The reader need not be frightened at this reservation. If the writer puts anything absurd in the story, we'll cut it out quicker than the scissor-editor of some rural paper will carve out a new joke from some New York journal.—Editor.

⁶ Our experience is, that if the girl is good-looking or rich, there are always fellows trying to mash. We once fixed our eyes on a charming creature, young, lovely and rich, and had reached that stage of intimacy known as a bowing acquaintance when—but, why should we lacerate our bosom for an unfeeling public? Nay, let her go!—Editor.

⁷ The author should not suppose that all the quidnuncs are found in cities. We have met some tolerably (or intolerably, as you please,) inquisitive people in the rural regions, especially when traveling in New England.—Editor.

⁸ *Ennui*, we understand, is quite a fashionable disease. The doctors now prescribe, as a remedy for it, Florida in the Winter and Europe in the Summer. If you have not the means to go to those places you will never have the disease.—Editor.

⁹ It may be that in this canto the reader will not be able to discover much poetry, but perhaps he may find tolerably respectable prose, and Poe insisted that even a poet could make no more of this kind of verse in English than tolerably respectable prose—which doesn't prove that the author is a poet.—Author.

¹⁰ Pooh! mankind doesn't dream about such things. When men dream their visions are of stocks or dry-goods or starch or some other kind of personal property which they possess, or of real estate, if they are loaded with that, going up, up, up, until a regular boom comes.—Editor.

Spread 'round with dainty, yet prodigal, hand her form and her face.

Rich her paternal was, and shrewd and most rare were the *artistes*,¹¹

And well did they finish the task of changing that lovely maiden

Out of her natural state into a servant of fashion.

Round in the back she was, like some damsel from far-distant Boston,

Unto whom the matutinal bean has not been sufficient support,¹²

Who has drooped, while she yearned to be filled with dainties from other climates,

Who has drooped, while she yearned to be filled with the food of the Yorker:

Charlotte-russe and ice-cream, gum-drops and our succulent taffy—

Dainty food, out of which New York maids are apparently builded.¹³

Beautiful was she as if she had been made to order,¹⁴

And the hue of her cheeks put to shame all rouge and all rice-powder,

And her eyes, large and soft, were as blue as the bluest of Mondays,¹⁵

While the gold of her hair was more pure than that used in the dollar;

¹¹ The *artistes* who get up women are full of skill. Why, some of our most beautiful actresses would frighten you with their homely looks if you could see them *en deshabille*. Imagine Sarah before she has put on her complexion and her outlines!—Editor.

¹² In a series of lectures, which we once delivered in a young ladies academy, we insisted that the festive bean was not as good a breakfast-fruit as the steak à la sirloin, and we are pleased to find that the author agrees with us.—Editor.

¹³ The author very appropriately uses the word "apparently." We are personally acquainted with nine or thirteen New York girls, and we should hate ourselves forever if we fixed our mouths for corned-beef and cabbage, and gave those darlings the first chance at the dish. We feel quite confident that the plate and our stomach would be in exactly the same condition—empty.—Editor.

¹⁴ We think the author might have compared his heroine with something more soul-stirring than a dummy.—Editor.

¹⁵ Monday isn't as blue as it was in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. Sunday isn't as tough a day as it was then. We don't go to church five times, and to Sunday-school three times on every Sunday now, and consequently Monday isn't as blue as it was.—Editor.

And her face was carved as by the hand of some Grecian master;¹⁶

Tall was her form, yet was she not of an ungainly stature.

Summers and Winters had passed o'er her head eighteen in number,

And in her steps she toddled like a civilized goddess.¹⁷

Such was the Manhattan Isle maiden so lovely and charming;

And her family name was Smith, tho' Smythe¹⁸ it became in time,

As riches came and aspirations grand arose for style;

While her Christian name (received in days when still her pa was poor,)

Eliza changed with years to more melodious Lida.¹⁹

Stout was her father, and short and round and ruddy in look,

And wealthy was he with the cash that was made by the plain John Smith,²⁰

And was used and enjoyed by the swell John Smythe and his fair daughter,

For she was his only child now living, and dead was her mother.

Grand was the mansion in which, on the avenue they lived,

And costly the furniture and curtains and pictures therein—

¹⁶ It's time that Grecian master business was abandoned. Why, at the Centennial there was an American artist who "sculpted" the most beautiful faces in oily-margarine, and all the Philadelphia papers insisted that Phidias, and such old Grecian masters, couldn't hold a tallow to this American.—Editor.

¹⁷ Toddles exactly expresses the motion of the modern American damsel, who has "a very large fortune in silver and gold."—Editor.

¹⁸ That is too common an occurrence for any author to make a point of it. Many people (especially women) change their names, and we cannot see why Smith should not change his name to Smythe, or Jones to Johannes, if they wish to do so.—Editor.

¹⁹ We have examined the last few pages of our unabridged dictionary, but we can find no authority for that abbreviation. Liza or Liz or Lizzie might pass; but we can't see how she pulled Lida out of Eliza.—Editor.

²⁰ We never knew a Smythe to make a fortune; the Smiths are the men for that sort of thing.—Editor.

RURAL DELIGHTS.



STRANGE AND HORRIBLE CREATURES SEEN BY MISS HIGHROLLER ON HER FIRST VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

All of which had been made for them to order as had been their books²¹—
And costly their clothes and jewelry were, and also their food;
For, as wealth had come, they resolved they would cut a big figure,
Exactly as did the aristocracy of cod-fish,²²
Exactly as did the aristocracy of shoddy,²³
Exactly as does the plutocracy of Colorado,²⁴
Unto whom were and are needed the glitter and gewgaws of life.
'Tis of earth the rule, that he who has will much more receive,²⁵
And wealthy folk will seek to wed their children to wealth.
Unto her there came a youth of family old and rich—
That is, as families run within this youthful country;
For he knew his father and his grandfather, and, beyond
Those two, he something knew of him who had made their wealth²⁶
By selling shoddy very high and living in a house quite low;
So the youth oft bragged of family old and his ancient blood,
Which turned his face and neck unto the color of egg-plant.²⁷
Unto her he came, and her he sought eagerly to wed.
Not charming unto a maid was he, for his face was ugly.
And his eyes were deeply sunk far back beneath his forehead,
And his beard was red in hue, and his hair was light and scanty,
And his form was square and short, and he was, as they say, beefy;²⁸
While his tongue could not utter those delicate trifles, which all women
O'ermuch enjoy hearing at all times from the lips of men;²⁹
And his mouth seemed made for no end or purpose save sucking his cane;³⁰
Yet to Smythe, the papa, did he seem quite the cream of all suitors,
Did he seem the man of all most fit to marry his Lida;

²¹ The author evidently means to sneer at the Smythes; but when a man, who never reads, wants to buy books, he should always have them made to order; they look much nicer when they are made to fit the shelves than when they are of various sizes.—Editor.

²² Of course, those aristocrats are as much a thing of the past as are the pterodactyl and plesiosaurus; but thirty or forty years ago those old fellows, who had salted down their piles, were much admired.—Editor.

²³ These aristocrats were the product of the Civil War. Most of them have passed away. Some of them kept their money long enough to permit it to descend to their children, and those children, who have the cash, are apparently as good aristocrats as the bluest-blooded of the blue-blooded.—Editor.

²⁴ The men who start in life at the very bottom of the social scale, and rise to the top by virtue of a silver mine which they happen to locate, seem to be the aristocrats of the day. Well, we wouldn't mind being rich enough to purchase a seat in Congress, and to put so many diamonds on the female members of our family that we'd be compelled to hire two policemen to accompany the ladies to dinner-parties.—Editor.

²⁵ Too true! Alas, too true! If some one would only start us with \$100,000!—Editor.

²⁶ How far back does the author expect a man to trace his family? We always supposed that, if your grandfather "fit in the Revolution," or your father was rich enough to live without working, you belonged to the blue-blooded aristocrats.—Editor.

²⁷ Medical men agree that this is the color of old and rich blood. We never tried it but we think blood, like cider, is best when it's new.—Editor.

²⁸ We have seen a great many such men. You can always find lots of them at the most select clubs.—Editor.

²⁹ We enter a mild protest against this unqualified praise of "taffy."—Editor.

³⁰ Of course a man could put his mouth to a better use; but what, then, would he do with his cane?—Editor.

For the youth, Rudolph by name, was of the Vanderbockhovens,³¹
And his wealth was large, and brought him much consideration.³²

Loth, however, the maiden seemed to take this youth as husband;
And when her papa said: "To him you will be wedded,"
Responded she: "Oh, no, my father, he is not my style;"³³
My heart yearns for a man with brow of alabaster,
And Grecian nose, and fair white skin and complexion,
And perfumed locks of hair with part straight down the middle,
Enchanting in his manners and with supply of small talk."³⁴

"Folderol," said her pa: "Unless you find those things you desire
With wealth and birth conjoined, in time you will be wedded
Safe unto this youth, Rudolph Vanderbockhoven;
Meanwhile you can flirt and fool when and where and with whom you please"³⁵—
Words, how'er, the maiden failed to swift and easily reply:
Yet she murmured to her pa: "I am still a youthful maiden:
I am still in beauty's flush and my charms have not yet faded,"³⁶
And I fain would look around, for I'm told there are fish living
In the sea as good as the fishers of men have as yet taken."³⁷

"That is well," said her pa: "but unloose not the Vanderbockhoven
'Till you have something else, not only well caught but safely landed."³⁸
And she said: "I hear, and will obey," though she meant firmly
To select such a man as she liked, trusting, when the pinch should come,

³¹ Oh, if he belonged to an old Knickerbocker family, of course Smythe viewed him as eminently suitable for a son-in-law. To be sure, the ancestors of the old Knickerbocker families were decidedly poor, but they knew how to squat upon large areas of real estate in good localities, and so their descendants are aristocrats.—Editor.

³² That is eminently proper. We feel in our bones that, if our wealth were large, a proper consideration would be shown to us. Once the papers reported that a fortune had fallen to a man who bears a name exactly like our name. Until it was discovered that we were not the fortunate person everybody showed the utmost consideration for us and our opinions. Never were our jokes so laughed at. If we had really had the fortune, every one would have continued to admire us, but—well, the other fellow took the money and the consideration.—Editor.

³³ The foolish girl! She should have seen at once that his bank account was exactly her style.—Editor.

³⁴ She was not modest in her requests. A girl cannot expect everything. If a man has a brow of alabaster, and parts his hair in the middle, no girl should expect him to be well supplied with "taffy" or "gum-drops." If his tongue is hung in the middle and can turn the wheel of conversation readily, a girl should not expect him to be a thing of beauty.—Editor.

³⁵ We quite admire Smythe's up-and-down style of bringing his daughter to her bearings.—Editor.

³⁶ The heroine's modesty will never choke her to death. However, we ourselves have a weakness for good-looking girls, and we never could understand how any man could marry a homely girl, unless her father was well fixed. It's just as easy, and we think easier, to fall in love with a handsome girl as it is to become spoony on a plain one.—Editor.

³⁷ Somehow that sentiment strikes us as a familiar one. Whether it is a paraphrase of one of the ideas of Shakespeare or Walt Whitman, we cannot at this moment say. However, we are quite sure that we have met that sentiment before.—Editor.

³⁸ That Smythe is a business man. We'll bet his business motto is: "A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush."—Editor.

That her pa would yield to her tears and her oft-uttered wishes.³⁹

And so the Manhattan Isle maiden, so wondrously builded,
Went on her errand and sought to find a charming husband—
Went forth to catch of the fish that are still left in the ocean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

³⁹ Women always keep their heaviest artillery for the time when "the combat deepens." They are shrewd in acting in that manner. A shower of tears acts very much like a gun-load of grape. It sweeps everything before it.—Editor.

"NONE NAME THEE BUT TO PRAISE."

ABOUT this time look out for hot weather and PUCK ON WHEELS. Both have arrived. The latter contains 122 pages of hilarious humorous reading, in prose and poetry, contributed by PUCK's staff of contributors, with illustrations to fit from the pencils of Messrs Keppler, Gillam, Oppen, Graetz, Bunner and Harburger. The publishers recommend it to the public as "a watering-place guide, a preventive of malaria, a method of French without a master, and a new way of conciliating old creditors." It may not be all of these, but it certainly is a capital book for Summer reading. Price 25 cents.—*Norristown Herald*.

PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer season of 1882 is No. 3 in the series, and fully as bright and vivacious as its predecessors. Most of the humor is after the city pattern and designed for the latitude of New York, but then if the "pantless" boy supplies the home field he will exhaust a pretty fair edition. There is an amusing list of Summer resorts, and a clever inventory of the stock-in-trade of the professional humorist, with a little something to interest and amuse on every page.—*Danbury News*.

FOR the third season PUCK ON WHEELS comes to us fresh and bright, with wit from pen and pencil, for the Summer of 1882. There are contributions in prose and verse from such well-known writers as R. K. Munkittrick, David L. Proudfoot, A. E. Watrous and others, and they present some of the best and some of the keenest travesties and humor of the day. The illustrations are on a par with the best that have long characterized that sprightly weekly, PUCK.—*Boston Post*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, that merry Summer publication, is out in all its glory of illustrations and wealth of humor. This little pocket-piece of fun was never better than this season. Its directory of "Summer resorts" is unique, very funny, and the other special articles are original and humorous, of course. Somehow the gentlemen of PUCK have the art of catering to the public in this line down to a nicety.—*New Haven Register*.

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PUCK has assumed one of his numerous rôles, and now appears on the bicycle poking fun at some, sarcasm at others, and cracking nuts of wisdom for all. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann certainly show their versatility in the manner of getting up a variety of publications and their phases of pleasing.—*Albany Argus*.

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THE THREE GRACES—at breakfast, dinner and supper.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A QUARTZ CLAIM—that a pint and a-half make a quart box of strawberries.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

VENNOR boldly predicts an early and cold Fall. It is supposed that Mrs. Vennor has a sealskin sacque.—*Courier-Journal.*

JUST about this time the clever newspaper men get together and compare notes to see how much they made writing valedictories, class-poems, etc., this year.—*Somerville Journal.*

SHARKS on the Atlantic coast are unusually stupid this year. They grab at an old suit stuffed with hay when a school ma'am is kicking the water not two rods off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Concord School of Philosophy begins on the 17th. Essays on Emerson will be the chief feature of the school. Persons troubled with insomnia are reminded of this.—*New Haven Register.*

It is stated that "Robeson laughs till the tears come in his eyes every time he is called a knave and a thief." We should suppose he would lead a tremendously hilarious existence.—*Boston Post.*

A MAN who fell into a jappanning vat, at Elizabeth, N. J., was pulled out covered with a beautiful coating of thick varnish. A joker who called him "a highly-polished gentleman" narrowly escaped a violent death.—*Norristown Herald.*

"You miserable little ignoramus, you have not got a particle of capacity," said an Austin school teacher to little Johnny Fizzle-top, adding: "What will become of you when you grow up? How will you earn your salt?"

"I dunno—teach school, I reckon."

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A WELL known microscopist and gatherer of mosses died the other day. He is now on the same footing as a rolling stone.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

THE next expedition that starts for the North Pole should take some fortune tellers along. Even if they didn't tell how to find the Pole, we can cheerfully spare them.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.*

THE *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: "the dry goods salesman assumes a 'stained-glass attitude' on a hot day." Probably the glass is stained with claret, and the attitude is with the head thrown back and the elbow crooked.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

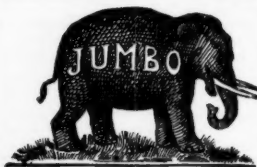
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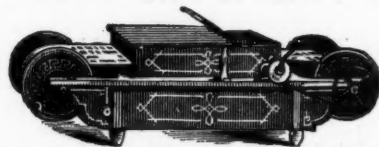


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She wears a most bewitching bang—
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She has a poodle for a pet,
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I know it, though we've never met—
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Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that *Patience* sang,
Can whistle airs from "*Olivette*,"
And, in the waltz, perhaps, might let
You squeeze her hand, with gems all stony:
I know it, though we've never met—
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Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret;
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run Papain debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored crony:
I know it, though we've never met—
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ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony:
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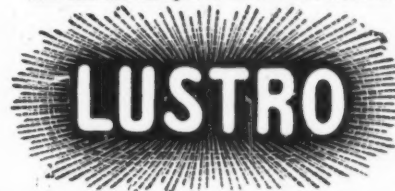
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